

A Hint to the Homeless

By
FRANKLIN O. KING

My Friend—Do you remember the Home of Your Boyhood—in the Country? Most City Men were Born in the Country, and most of their Children's Children will be Born in the Country, and the Reasons are Many and Obvious. If you were born in the Country, You will never Forget the Old Home. It was just a simple, unpretentious House, set about with big trees, with circling meadows and fields rich with the promise of harvest.

Inside the House was the Table spread with snowy linen, the Big restful Beds, the Old Open Fireplace, and the old Family Bible, holding the simple annals of the Family and the Heart and Conscience of the Home. And when you came Home from the Fields, there was always assurance of good Things to Eat when You "Put your feet under Father's Table" for Mother was There to See to That.

In those days Father was to You The Greatest Man in all the World, and you still revere him as A Grand Old Man. He was just a plain farmer, a simple, upright man, with no Mortgage on his Roof, no Lien on his Growing Crops, Master of His Land, and Master of Himself.

I suppose You often ask Yourself why You didn't stick to the Old Home, with its assurance of Peace and Plenty. I Know Why. It was the Call of the City. It lured You and Fooled You, just as it has thousands of your Fellows. You have long since learned that your Progress in the City was more apparent than Real; that You are Like the Slave on the Treadmill—always striving, but never really getting on.

And so, Today, there is Another Call that Tugs at Your Heartstrings and makes You Resolve for the Future. It is the Call of the Country. It is a Call that is Ever Old and Ever New, and it is Growing every Day. More and More

Please send me your book "Independence With Ten Acres."

Men are leaving the dust and grime of the City's Streets, and taking their Children out into the Clear Sunlight in the Country, where they will be as Healthy and Happy as You were in your Boyhood Home.

How about You, My Friend? Why don't You give your Boy and Girl a Square Deal and an Even Chance? You ought to Try and give Them a Real Home, and You ought to start NOW. And I would further advise you to get a Home in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where you can grow Three big Crops a Year on the same Soil, without Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Thirty-three Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries, and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1000 an Acre growing oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring when they Command Top Prices.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a Year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantage of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are cut Practically in Half.

The Climate is extremely Healthy and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally Disabled, Your Family, or any one else Your name, will get the Farm—without the Payment of another Penny. We will absolutely Refund Your Money if you should be Dissatisfied, according to the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for Our Free Book. Fill out the blank space in the first column with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1334 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill. Read it carefully, and then use Your Own Good Judgment.



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products.

Feb. 25th, ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY

when "Peter Henderson Seeds" began to establish a reputation for high quality and dependability. "Sterling" on Silver, "18k" on Gold and "Henderson" on Seeds are the marks which stand for Best.

START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends on the reputation behind the Seeds. By the time poor seeds have proved themselves worthless it is usually too late in the season to start all over with good Seeds. Start right, and prevent disappointment.

What We Want to Send You

One copy "Everything for the Garden," a real dictionary of all things pertaining to it. Illustrated with over 100 photo-engravings and 5 plates in natural colors. The most beautiful and most complete catalogue you can imagine. Full of practical hints and instructions.

One copy "Garden Guide and Record," a book which should be in the hands of every one, whether planting for pleasure or profit. Tells you "How and Why" planting vegetables, flowers, etc., "Tricks of the Trade," and even cooking recipes which will be appreciated by every housekeeper.

One packet Ponderosa Tomato One packet Invincible Asters
One packet Big Boston Lettuce One packet Mammoth Butterfly Pansies
One packet Scarlet Globe Radish One packet Giant Spencer Sweet Peas

[Packed in a Coupon Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in cash toward payment on your next order amounting to \$1.00 or over.]

All we ask is—tell us where you saw this advertisement and enclose 10 cents in stamps to only help pay cost of sending all the above to you.

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From the Peanut Fields of Virginia to the Orange Groves of Florida thru the 6 Sou. States traveled by the S. A. L. Ry. You can be independent raising fruits and vegetables. Land cheap, easy terms. Ideal climate, plenty of water. 2 to 5 crops a year, net \$500 to \$1000 per acre in Manatee County, on the West Coast of Florida. Booklet free. J. A. Pride, Gen. Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 513, Norfolk, Va.

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Leading roses shown in natural colors. Catalog is up-to-date—offers the cream of the world's roses—also new free delivery offer. Also contains "How to Grow Roses," "Rose-Lover's Calendar" and list of best roses for your climate. The Conard & Jones Co., Box 371, West Grove, Pa. Rose Specialists—50 years experience.

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Outdoors of living by growing vegetables in yard. This splendid assortment of vegetable and flower seeds is big value at \$2.20—our special introductory price only 94c. Complete directions for planting, cultivating and harvesting, free. Write postal for Catalog. O. S. Jones Seed Co., Box 733-B, Sioux Falls, S. D.

emotion, shame. Yes, in speaking of the money I had put myself in the wrong, and the very fact that she kept her temper before such an unnecessary insult served only to render my position more painful and more bewildering.

"No," she said; "pay me back the money when I send my bill. Till then please remember that I'm a lady as well as your new friend Mrs. Stuart, though perhaps my blood is less blue. As for the things, keep them. What could I do with them? I don't wear pink any more, my child, and I don't wear pearls. And the diamond, keep that too, Lili, to remember Victor by; that is, if your new fiancé will let you. For I cannot doubt that the outcome of this clever trick will be you will marry Mr. Henry Stuart. All my congratulations to him and to his mother for the brilliant way they have played their cards! They've carried off the beauty of the season. And the Duchess too, when she arrives—when she arrives for the wedding! The wedding—ah!" She caught her breath like a sob in her throat. "My poor Victor scorned and refused at the very altar! Thrown down publicly in the eyes of the whole world! Will he ever forgive me? Ah, Lili, between the two of us what a fool we have managed to make of my poor boy!"

She covered her face with her two hands and wept. And the bitterness of her heart broke from her in a sudden cry.

"Oh! it serves me just right for having trusted to a Frenchwoman!"

AH! I jumped to my feet. Now indeed she had found words to flick me on the raw of my skin! Through the whirl of my exhausted spirit, a clear train of thought came suddenly forcing itself.

So I had imagined, had I, that, like the personages in those modern novels that my Uncle Porthaven at Brent forbade me to read, I had changed with my environment, made for myself a new character and a new standard of action? Because I had found America charming and delightful, I thought I had become an American and forgotten France? I had left behind me in France, had I, all those wornout traditions, all those moldy ideas of chivalry, that had brought more than one Vauquière to a perfectly unnecessary death, that quite needlessly had stripped my dear papa of his fortune and sent his daughter a penniless exile to wander over the earth?

Yes, I was an exile; but—the realization hit me in that instant like a stroke—I was still French, still a Vauquière. My hand went to my locket, which on its long, thin chain hung at my neck. Yes, it was there, with its bombastic medieval motto, giving the lie to reason, to all practical modern ideas, to American law and its clear logical interpretation that so short a time ago had convinced my understanding, "Vauquière tient parole!"

On the one hand stood the image of Henry with love in his eyes, and his arms held out to me. On the other side, outside of reason, or logic, or law, was just my word—my word that I had given. What would Papa tell me to choose if he were here? What had he chosen for himself? The law had not bound him; but he had kept his word! And I was a Vauquière too!

Suddenly Mrs. Cobb broke the silence. "Lili," she said in a voice so hollow and toneless that it sounded as though she were very far away or very ill, "as you notice, I make no scene. I merely remind you of one fact that no legal quibble could alter, and it is this: You gave me your word of honor, and I accepted it. Now, that the time has come, are you going to keep your promise, or are you going to break it?"

"I am going to break it"—no, my lips would not form the words; they choked in my throat; it seemed to me that Papa was listening and I could not say them. I threw up my head. I dare say my gesture was a little dramatic; but—oh, when my ancestors marched to their death, at least they were allowed a white panache and a drum!

"I am going to keep my promise, since you claim it," I said. "And now, Mrs. Cobb, as soon as Geneviève has dressed me, will you please take me home?"

CHAPTER XVII.

NOW time moves forward a week—a miserable week. And Lili—miserable Lili—moves from Bar Harbor to New York.

For Mrs. Cobb it was an epoch of triumph. The wedding presents that so delighted her soul came pouring in from all quarters with cards that bore, I was told, the most aristocratic names in America. As to my own side of the ocean, my Vauquière uncles and aunts, on this occasion of my marriage with a millionaire (though they refused to cross the ocean), came forward in a very fine fashion indeed. A beautiful emerald pendant (I look hideous in emeralds; but no matter—it came from Cartier's), a little

gold repeater, a jeweled fillet for the hair—now that I had no need of anything any more, they spent their money royally for me. Ah! Was Mrs. Cobb proud of these gifts, and did she arrange them where none could pass them by—"Le Marquis et la Marquise de Vauquière de Clugny,"—"Comte Dominique de Vauquière de Clugny,"—"La Duchesse Donataire de Brochefort," and so forth? As to Aunt Elizabeth, she was to bring her presents with her. It was to meet her that we went to New York.

She was to arrive with Uncle Porthaven and the three older girls (the younger ones were left at home at Brent) on the sixth of August. That evening there was to be a dinner and theater party in honor of the new arrivals, with a supper afterward in the roof garden of the Waldorf. Then we were all to go at once to the Brunhilda, Mrs. Cobb's big steam yacht moored at her dock in North River, and to start early the next morning for Mount Desert. Then the evening of the ninth there was to be a formal dinner of great magnificence at the villa at Bar Harbor, in honor of the Duke and Duchess. Then the next day, the wedding—

But I didn't think of that: I lived in a kind of dreadful dream, trying to let each minute suffice to its own pain, without thinking of tomorrow. I had done what was right—*mon Dieu!* there could be no doubt of that, since that was the reason I had done it. But just the same I was tortured by remorse, and by self reproach, no less perhaps than if I had done what I wanted to. Wherever I went I was haunted by the image of Mrs. Stuart's face and of Henry's ghastly eyes, as with head down bent I had followed Mrs. Cobb from their house on that last terrible night. What did they think of me? Would they ever understand or forgive me? I did not know, I had no word from them,—only a little, little letter from Henry in which he informed me that in order to avoid certain coming events he was leaving Bar Harbor; and that since in response to his telephone message of the other night a cabin had been reserved for him on the Lorraine, sailing for Havre on August 6, he had made up his mind to use it even under the altered circumstances and leave America for an indefinite period.

Ah, my dear, dear Henry—leaving his home, leaving America alone, without even his mother! Poor Harriet! I had repaid her badly indeed for all her kindness to me and for the long fidelity of her spirit. She sent me a beautiful wedding present,—a little gold writing table, style Louis XV, the exact reproduction—yes, quite exact, of one that had belonged to Papa. Yes, she remembered. She had loved too, poor Harriet; but no more than I had she been permitted to show her love and fidelity by her actions. So I hoped she might understand and forgive me.

But when Mrs. Cobb and I in our limousine met her in her carriage in the promenade (I forget its name) above the sea, she gave me only a little pale nod before turning away her head. Ah! It was the mother in her that could not forgive me, I understood that—while the other mother by my side made a little satisfied noise in her throat like a hen clucking over her chicks. When I arrived home I threw myself face downward on my bed and lay there for a long time; because it seemed to me that, if I moved or even thought, my heart must crack and break.

As to Victor, I am bound to own that in these days he behaved very decently; though now, as the wedding approached, he took toward me in public pompous airs of ownership that might have made me laugh—had they not made me crawl. Though when we were alone together he spoke but little and on our dash to New York on the yacht, when he was not in the pilot-house or bullying the sailors, he sat for the most part silent and immovable, with his horrid little pipe between his teeth. In the deals of the property that his mother was conveying him, he had exacted the Brunhilda as part of his share; and was already planning a wedding trip to the South Sea Islands. I didn't care; though the sea made me feel very ill most of the time. In those southern seas I know there are monsoons and typhoons and other monstrous winds that may do our business any day and the sharks finish us. The idea is a genial one—the only one of the kind I've had these latter days.

SO we arrived in New York and went to the dock in an automobile (still an other one, which Mrs. Cobb leaves in her city garage) to meet my family. According to the preliminary arrangement by cable, the Duchess had accepted the cabins de luxe offered by my future mother-in-law, and was arriving by the Mauretania with her husband and daughters.

On the wharves it was hot enough to roast chestnuts on top of our parasols. But there